BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.

THE

STATE-FARCE:

A

LYRICK.

Written at *CLERMONT*,

AND INSCRIBED TO

His Grace the Duke of *Newcaſtle.*

Res eſt ridicula, et nimis jocoſa.

CATULLUS.

LONDON:

Printed for MARY COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*

MDCCLVI.

[Price Six Pence.]

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THE STATE-FARCE.

I.

TIR'D of the town—*ſick* of debates—
Peſter'd with Levees at his gates,
Low'ring at ſlow Preferment,
His *Grace* to-morrow, ten to one,
A la Sourdine will canter down,
And viſit us at *Clermont*.

II.

Mean-time, Thalia, comic Queen,
Can't we a late mock-patriot ſcene
In *mimic* verſe exhibit?
Tho' Wit, I own, be mighty ſcarce,
I'll club my quota tow'rds the Farce,
If you will yours contribute.

III.

Who's this, comes limping on the ſtage?
His Looks betray an inward rage,
And yet he *ſpeaks* quite civil:
Sure, by reſemblances miſ-led,
His wit he has not *drain'd*, inſtead
Of that huge FLAT, the *Level*.

Howe'er

IV.

Howe'er that be, beyond all doubt,
'Tis plain he's neither *in*, nor *out*,
Nor more the hot diſputer,
But like the Dutch, as t'other day
I heard our friend O—h—ra ſay,
"On both ſides *now* ſtands *Neuter*."

V.

See! *creeping* in, with aukward air,
Looſe joints, hands ſprawling, looby ſtare,
A choice *Burletta* Hero:
I know him by his length of face;
'Tis He——emerging from Diſgrace,
Our *State*-Lalauze, poor Pierot.

VI.

Still blundering on—but that's our ſport:
The joak is, "that he's puniſh'd for't:"
Witneſs *that* Congreſs-Packet:
At Aix, ſly Monſieur Harlequin
Ran him, full But, into a Gin,
Then ſmartly drubb'd his jacket.

VII.

What then——for tho' we ſtill admit
Ex quovis *Ligno* quòd non fit
A *Plenipo*-Mercurius:
Yet any *Block*, with little coſt,
Will make *the third part of a* Post,
When we're not over-curious.

Thus

VIII.

Thus at the *Gooſe*, a ſhrewd Court-Game,
I've ſeen a cock-ſure *Up*-ſtart claim
The joint-ſtock *Pool*, as his-'n;
When all at once, an ill-thrown caſt
Whirls down the Dupe, from *firſt* to *laſt*,
Or claps him into *Priſon*.

IX.

Heigh-day! what Gender have we here!
Female or Male? Peereſs or Peer?
Perplexing ambiguity!
How weak! how ſhambling in *its* gait!
Steril of Matter! full of Prate!
The Picture of Fatuity!

X.

What a gigantic Beau-Garçon!
'Tis pity, like * great Ammon's ſon,
He's not a little ſtraiter:
So warp'd! ſo much on the *Decline!*
Next *Bout* he'll ſurely *tip all Nine:*
And that's no laughing matter.

XI.

But jeſt apart——What could perſuade
Thee, of all folks, to riſk the *Trade*
Of ſcolding in the *Diet:*
Mad Trial, to oppoſe the Crown!
See, P—wl—t in a huff laid down,
And what has he got by it?

* Great Ammon's Son one Shoulder had too high. POPE.

XII.

Tell me, how did you feel at Court,
When with Contempt, the *King* turn'd ſhort,
And ſnub'd you with his ſhoulder?
Troth, how you felt, *I cannot* ſay,
But ſure enough you look'd next Day
A dozen *twelvemonths* older.

XIII.

We know your price; your drift we ſee:
D—mn it! an ORDER round *that* knee!
No——tho' your ſoul you'd barter.
What grounds haſt thou? nay what pretence
To be (ſave in a *neighbouring* ſence)
E'en near the Star and Garter?

XIV.

Who's next? ſo pale, with nerves unſtrung,
Yoak'd to a Widow briſk and young;
I hope he well has kiſs'd her:
For if he likes not *that ſame* Fun,
I'll ſwear he's not his Mother's Son,
Nor Brother to his * * * * * *.

XV.

But Ch—rles! —— how came you to reſign?
Was it th' effect of pride, or wine,
Or *Pay* from ample jointure?
How ſhort your ſight! how much our ſcoff!
Or, if the Widow ſhould tip off,
Or, if you diſappoint her.

How

XVI.

How ſtrangely you miſtook your Caſe
It is not wrangling gets a Place;
But great and long *Civility:*
Look *there* —— e'en B—r—ng—n has got
The very Poſt, which you have not,
By dint of Pliability.

XVII.

Hark! hark! I hear a midnight roar!
St. Stephen ſhakes his ſtrong-bas'd floor:
Sure there's ſome Iriſh Bully!
No——tis two Rivers from the South,
Now diſemboguing at the Mouth
Of our *un*penſion'd Tully.

XVIII.

'Tis fine! 'tis full! the period 's round!
How clear! how muſical the Sound!
The Geſture —— oh! —— quite ſtriking!
What Flows! what *Flow'rs* of Eloquence!
I grant it——Yet, a little Senſe
Were much more to *my* Liking.

XIX.

" On this ſide flows the gentle Soan:
" On that, the ruſhing rapid Rhone:"
Are theſe *our* great Abilities?
I'll teach a Magpye *out of Pow'r,*
To chatter to ye, by the hour,
Full as good Puerilities.

Then